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IS IGNORANCE BLISS?

It is curious that, even in *this* age, we still occasionally hear people talking of the bliss of ignorance. Such people must certainly be very *happy* themselves, or they would never indulge in such a sentiment. What, on the contrary, is the source of all the peculiar enjoyments of this country, but knowledge?—what is the source of all the evils to which our contemporaries in other countries are subjected, and to which our own ancestors were liable, but ignorance? When a child burns its hands by grasping a hot iron, whether is it knowledge or ignorance that causes the evil? The case is an extreme one; but yet how many instances of pain and trouble, only a little less direct, might be adduced as springing, every day of our lives, from an unacquaintance with the laws under which we are designed to live!

It is most evident that man has been originally planted on the earth, without any information as to the laws of nature, but with faculties calculated in time to inform himself upon these matters. At the very first, the race must have had to struggle with dreadful difficulties: their total ignorance of the arts of catching, rearing, and cooking food, of preparing clothes, and forming proper habitations, must have caused numbers to perish miserably, before any became in the least comfortable. Always the nearer to this original state of things, we find the more calamities and distresses oppressing the tribes of earth—not only from ignorance of the means of taking advantage of the bounties of nature, but from the results of passions which they had not yet been taught to regulate. The early history of all nations abounds in transactions which appal the modern reader: in Poland, at the present day, we have but a meagre specimen of what used to be going on in our own country, when it was exposed to the violence of neighbouring states parallel in rudeness and ambition to Russia. Like the tides of locusts which *drift* up any high wall they may meet in their course, to enable the rest to pour over and pursue their route, ages after ages of imperfect knowledge and imperfect enjoyment have been squandered, in order that men might at last come to the superior comforts which they were designed to enjoy. Our ancestors at no distant date were subjected to periodical plagues, and died at the regular rate of one in about thirty every year, in consequence of their slothfulness and erroneous police regulations: gradually, they were impelled by the dread of these miseries to improve their acquaintance with natural laws, and act more in conformity to them; *we*, therefore, inheriting and improving upon these advantages, do not die at above the rate of one annually in fifty-eight. Undoubtedly, men could have been informed upon all these subjects at the very first—could have been made perfectly moral and innocent beings—whereby much misery, to appearance, would have been spared. Such a system, however, would not agree either with his faculties, or with the circumstances of nature. He was designed, evidently, to be an active being, to help himself, and, in proportion to his acting well or ill, to be the source of his own happiness and misery. The secrets of nature were veiled from his casual glance, in order that he might exercise his ingenuity, and give himself pleasure, in finding them out. He has not yet become fully acquainted either with his own nature or with the physical arrangements of the earth he inhabits. But always the more he learns on these points, the more will he abstain from injuring his fellow-creatures, the more surely will he provide for and guard his own comfort, and the more nearly will he approach to that moral and intellectual perfection which philosophers have dreamed that he might attain.

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The uses of studying our own nature are perhaps less obvious than those connected with the study of physical nature; but they are not less important. A knowledge of human nature, and a habitual system of acting upon it, has come to be known in the present age by the expressive word *tact*; and it is certainly an accomplishment by which many great and direct advantages are to be gained by the individual, while the welfare of others is not in the least diminished, but rather increased. There is unfortunately no system of knowledge of this kind, if we except phrenology, which has not yet gained general attention or credence. But every man may learn a great deal from the ever-open book of nature itself, if he is only willing to inspect the movements of his fellow-creatures with any share of attention; and, imperfect as the science is, there are many books which he may study with advantage.* If a knowledge of human nature were to do us no more good than to teach us how to treat the single sentiment of self-love in our neighbours, it would be of boundless advantage. A great part of the discomfort which we experience in life, arises from our neglect of this principle; and always the lower we go in society, and the more nearly we approach the bounds of ignorance, the more mischief do we find arising from it. Vulgar persons call each other names: self-love rises in wrath, and bloodshed, or even murder, is perhaps the consequence. In more civilised circles, adroit sarcasms are used; and though the moral sense is there too strong to permit of actual violence, there is not the less strife and unhappiness found to arise from it. We have known individuals who had every worldly comfort at their command, render themselves and others supremely miserable, simply by the ignorant or unguarded way in which they treated the self-love of their fellow-creatures. They neither knew how to control it in themselves nor to respect it in others; and they therefore moved, it might be said, in a constant atmosphere of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, which involved all who came near them. It is evident that a little knowledge of human nature, and a wise, tender, and humane way of considering the feelings and privileges of our neighbours, would obviate all such evils.

In the relations of commercial life, of how much use must this knowledge prove, and how disadvantageous must be the want of it! Men of business have to depute much to others; but unless they can form some estimate of the character of the deputy, and calculate how such a trust is apt to operate upon it, will they not be liable every day to the most serious calamities? They have also to form intimate and confidential relations with partners, fellow-dealers, and others; but if they have not some power of penetrating the intentions, estimating the powers, and calculating the steadiness of these individuals, will they not be in the greatest danger? Perhaps, however, there is no circumstance in human life where a knowledge of human nature is of more value than in the formation of a matrimonial engagement. Unfortunately, this arrangement is generally entered into in youth, when the faculty of penetrating character is at the greenest, and when it is apt, moreover, to be perverted by passion. Hence the numerous miseries, which, in so many instances, arise from wedded life. The parties were mutually ignorant of each other's character;

* We would particularly recommend one small and cheap treatise, Combe's "Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects." This work is founded upon phrenological views; but these are so separable from the general body and spirit of the book, as to be of no consequence even to the most inveterate disbeliever in the science which the profound and accomplished author has done so much to propagate. The present article, though embracing some new views, is chiefly designed as an abstract of Mr Combe's volume.

they now find each other to be so unsuitable as mutually to increase, instead of diminishing, the current evils of life; and they either struggle on to the end of an embittered and unprosperous existence, or separate to their common disgrace, and are blighted for ever.

The advancement of happiness, by the acquisition of general knowledge, is, we have said, a still more obvious truth than even the above. The progress from ignorance to knowledge is itself a path of pleasure: every new fact or truth that we acquire conveys a sensible satisfaction to the mind; hence it is clear, that our advancing from the primitive condition of ignorance to one more or less the reverse, is an absolute rule of our being, to resist which can never be conducive to happiness. The advantages of knowledge, when at length acquired, may be experienced in various ways. By knowledge of the laws of physical nature, even so far as they have already been explained, we may, as individuals, avoid many evils which would otherwise befall us, and bring ourselves many advantages which we would otherwise never know. As a community, do we not every moment partake of the immense advantages which such knowledge has achieved, and is constantly achieving? Does not the knowledge of the power of steam, for example, confer blessings upon us in almost every minute circumstance of our lives? If a life is lost at sea through an insufficiency in the vessel, or on land by a failure of the machinery of which we have trusted for locomotion, it is a sacrifice to ignorance, or neglect of the physical laws. If a labourer is killed by the rushing of a quarry, which he has too much undermined, he is the victim of ignorance of the physical laws, joined to an undue desire to shorten his work. An immense proportion of the accidents which take place, and which spread so much misery among families, might be obviated, if men were in general less ignorant, and less negligent. A more extended knowledge of the law of gravitation alone, would, we are persuaded, be the means of sparing many tears. The loss of lives by storms at sea is generally looked upon as what is called a natural evil, which no man can prevent; yet, through a superior acquaintance with natural laws, fewer lives are now lost by such means than formerly; and hence it is not too much to infer, that, if knowledge continues to increase, a time will come when the dangers of the sea may be almost entirely, if not entirely, overcome. The explosion of fire-damp in mines was not long ago regarded as one of those unavoidable evils, arising from the nature of things; but we have lately seen another law of nature—the incapability of flame to communicate through wire gauze—brought to bear upon it, and lives are no longer in danger from this cause. It may be said that it is the duty of particular minds, of a studious character, to see after the good of mankind in these matters, as the most of men are too much engaged, each in his own several pursuit, to have either time or attention to bestow upon them. It is so in some measure; but, at the same time, individuals may easily learn a great deal beyond the immediate sphere of their own profession, if they have only the inclination; and this knowledge, exerted by themselves, may be of service in numberless cases where it would be idle to call for the aid of a professed philosopher. A knowledge of the laws we speak of ought to be part of the education of every individual in the state—on the same grounds that it is the duty of all nurses to teach children to avoid putting their hands into the fire, or clambering along precipices. If such were the case, a kind of science, now deemed proper only to a student, would be identified with the mass of that almost unconscious knowledge which every sane person pos-

esses, and through the means of which we walk, eat, and speak. The luggage of our minds, so to speak, would be in no respect more cumbersome than before, and our happiness would be both positively and negatively increased.

Another kind of knowledge immediately necessary for the improvement of our condition is a knowledge of the organic laws—of the laws, namely, which govern the system of our own frames. If we are totally ignorant of the nature of our bodies, and of the evils to which they are under certain circumstances exposed, we run the greatest danger of rendering ourselves miserable for a longer or shorter space of time, or of altogether cutting short our lives. If a man is either ignorant or reckless of the consequences of a sudden blast of cold coming upon the heated skin, ten to one he is destroyed in the middle of his days by a catarrh. If he does not know that to drink cold water when warm, or to sit down upon damp grass, is detrimental, he will hardly reach an old age. It will be said that the most of people are aware of these dangers, and avoid them: we answer, it is, then, the utmost extent of the knowledge of even that cautious class. There are innumerable contingencies in life, where a little knowledge of anatomy or medicine, enough to give a proper sense of the extent of danger, would prevent the last and worst of human calamities. It was the fate of the present writer, only a few months ago, to witness the death of a very near relation of only twenty-five years of age, whose disease might have been easily turned aside, if the unhappy sufferer had only been instructed in the slightest degree in the organic laws. This young man had caught a slight cold in the beginning of winter; and, instead of retiring to his chamber, to get quit of it by a few simple applications, he continued to go abroad as usual, and even undertook one or two long journeys. The malady which one day of retirement could at one time have banished, then took firmer hold, and settled upon the windpipe. Still, even when deprived of his voice, and when various friends endeavoured, by all possible means, to convince him of the rashness of his conduct, he persisted in exposing himself—his business, he said, being such that he could not think of withdrawing from it. He at length did retire, but only when the disease had fixed itself in such a manner upon the bronchiae, as to baffle every attempt to reach it. For about a month he suffered the intensest agonies under those fruitless applications, and then sunk under the remorseless gripe of a disease, which, if he had been more prudent, or better acquainted with the constitution of his own body, and the action of certain natural influences upon it, might have been easily turned aside. Here was a ruin of the most deplorable kind—the death of a young man entering into the world with the best prospects, for whom much had been done to bring him to that point in life, and in whom many hopes and wishes were centred—produced by the ignorance which some hold to be of so blissful a character. Such is a specimen of the way in which ignorance of this particular kind may affect an individual: we shall give an instance of the way in which it sometimes acts upon a community. "A gentleman, who died ten years ago," says Mr. Combe, "at an advanced period of life, told me, that, six miles west from Edinburgh, the country was so unhealthy in his youth, that every spring the farmers and their servants were seized with fever and ague, and required regularly to undergo bleeding and a course of medicine, to prevent attacks, or restore them from their effects. At the time, these visitations were believed to be sent by Providence, and to be inherent in the constitution of things: after, however, said my informant, an improved system of agriculture and draining was established, and vast pools of stagnant water formerly left between the ridges in the fields were removed, dunghills carried to a distance from the houses, and the houses themselves made more spacious and commodious, every symptom of ague and marsh-fever disappeared from the district, and it became highly salubrious. In other words, as soon as the gross infringement of the organic laws was abated by a more active exertion of the muscular and intellectual powers of man, the punishment ceased." This habit of attributing to Providence all the evils with the sources of which we are unacquainted, is entitled to the utmost respect, as it is the mark of a pious and well-disposed mind; but it is liable to lead us into strange errors—for in all probability what we attribute to this sacred cause, could be traced by a better instructed person to some simple circumstance, such as the pools and dunghills in the above anecdote. When any great calamity occurs, and we do not at first see any source for it in nature, let us endeavour, in the first place, to increase our knowledge of nature, so as to determine that it really is not there: in doing so, we shall, in all probability, sooner or later discover the cause of our affliction in some natural thing—something intended, no doubt, in the original constitution of things, to promote that active exertion of the faculties which is one of the primary laws of the human constitution, but no more directed by a special interposition than the burning of a finger which has been put into the fire. A still more remarkable exemplification of the evils of ignorance on a large scale is to be found in the history of what is called the humoral system in medicine. For fifteen centuries before the last, it was erroneously supposed that all maladies lay

in the humours of the body; and hence blood-letting was practised periodically to prevent disease, and almost uninterruptedly to cure it, though such treatment could only be right in a few out of many cases. There can be little doubt that the traditional obloquy in which physicians are held in our popular literature, is mainly owing to the sufferings of the human race for so many centuries under this tremendous evil, the whole of which arose from ignorance. The practice now obtains only in such dark countries as Spain, where every village has still its *Sangrador* or blood-letting; and can there be any doubt of the vast advantages which we enjoy, under a more enlightened system?

If we were to study the fates of our fellow-creatures, as they pass before our observation, with a view expressly to the physical, organic, moral, and intellectual laws, we would generally find happiness more or less in proportion to a knowledge of, and obedience to, these, and misery in proportion. Many of the labouring classes marry early and under circumstances entirely violative of the moral law; the miserable consequences can be traced by every one. Men expose themselves to dangers which knowledge would have taught them to avoid, and their lives, or their health, or their comfort in a greater or less degree, are consequently sacrificed. Innumerable ills are incurred through the too eager pursuit of wealth: the health of the body, the culture of the mind, the improvement of the moral faculties, are all neglected for this object; and thus men, in seeking the means, lose the end. Even where every physical comfort prevails, some individuals provoke wretchedness by their ill-regulated sentiments and propensities; a just punishment for the neglect of mental cultivation. Many are unsuccessful in all their pursuits, from not having selected a profession for which their capacities are adapted. In short, so many and so various are the disasters arising from ignorance of the laws under which we were designed to live upon earth, and the relations which our faculties bear to the objects of nature, that man may be said to have his own fate in a great measure within his own power—and hence one of the reasons for a general system of education under the patronage of the state. There ought to be schools in every considerable seat of population, for teaching—not Greek and Latin, or English, writing, and arithmetic, exclusively—for these are but means of useful knowledge—but the laws of nature in all their branches, the laws of the human faculties and sentiments, and, in general, the means of improving our individual and social condition on the globe which we inhabit.

SALT.

THIS familiar and useful substance, which exists, in several forms and in immense quantities, all over the face of the earth, is scientifically denominated the *muriate of soda*. Its name in Latin is *sal*; in Spanish *sal*; in French *sel*; in Italian *sale*; in Russian *sol*; in Dutch *zout*; in German *salz*; in Arabian *melh*; in Hindostanee *nimmuck*; and in Chinese *yen*. It is evidently one of those things which have been designed from the beginning for the ordinary and daily use of man; and, therefore, is dispersed over the earth in such ways as to make it in general easily accessible to him. Nevertheless, it is not, like the most of the other great staples of human consumption which nature has taken it upon herself to supply, a nutritious substance. It appears simply designed to give a relish to food, to aid in its digestion, and to preserve meat which we may wish to hoard against future necessity. It is, of all condiments, the safest, best, and most extensively employed; but yet, when taken in too large quantities, or applied too profusely for the preservation of meat, it has a detrimental effect. The common people in Scotland believe that too much salt tends to darken the complexion, and take away the gloss of the skin, and they therefore warn their children not to eat it by itself, which all children are naturally apt to do.

Salt is found in greater or less quantities in almost every substance on earth; but the waters of the sea appear to have been its first great magazine. It is found there dissolved, in certain proportions (for which we may refer to a late article on the sea); two purposes being thus served—namely, the preservation of that vast body of waters, which otherwise would become an insupportable mass of corruption, and the diffusion of this important alimentary article over the face of the globe. If salt, however, were only to be obtained from the sea, the people who live throughout large continents would find a great difficulty in supplying themselves with it, and might thus suffer great evils from the want of so useful a substance. For this reason (for the design is too obvious to be a matter of doubt), nature has provided that the sea, on leaving those continents, all of which were once overspread with it, should deposit vast quantities of this constituent substance, in many places throughout the country, sufficient to provide for ever for the necessities of the inhabitants of those parts. In some places, this deposit lies exposed on the surface of the ground, in a glittering crust several inches thick; in others much thicker layers have, during the protracted processes

of creation, been covered over with layers of totally different substances, which subsequent suasion had brought over them, so that the salt now requires to be dug for, like coal or any other mineral. Salt is found in this last shape in every quarter, and almost in every country in the world; and it is certainly amazing to reflect that, probably thousands of ages before man was created, means were taken to furnish him conveniently with the salt which it was known he would require for a relish to his daily victuals. In some places, especially in the central parts of North America, the trouble even of digging is saved to man by nature; for the springs of fresh water, in bursting through to the surface, become tintured with salt from the subterraneous deposits; and this only requires to be boiled in order to produce salt.

Of the various ways of obtaining salt for domestic purposes, the most primitive, perhaps, is that by which the heat of the sun is caused to assist in the process. It is practised to a great extent in France, Spain, and Portugal, from the last of which countries we annually import between three and four hundred thousand bushels, so prepared. Large flat spaces of ground are banked off in connection with the sea, and a shallow pool of sea-water being introduced and sluiced off, is permitted to dry up, so as to leave the salt behind. This is raised in the shape of a cake, and piled up in a dry place, where it is allowed to stand for two or three years, till all the bitter and earthy parts have been drained off. Salt made in this manner is considered the best for preserving meat. Till a recent period, salt was made in nearly the same manner at Ruthwell, on the coast of the Solway Firth, in Scotland. People collected a saline crust on the sea-beach in warm weather; and as they could not obtain it without taking the surface of the sand also, they put the whole into pits, from which, by pouring in salt water, they drained off a very strong brine, which only required a little firing in order to produce a coarse kind of salt. It is curious to find, from the researches of recent voyagers, that the people of the Great Island of Loo Choo, in the Pacific Ocean, obtain this indispensable article in exactly the same manner.

In countries where the sun does not offer much assistance, and no mines or salt-springs are at hand, the boiling of sea-water in works upon the coast is resorted to. Such is and has always been the case in Scotland, excepting in the solitary instance above mentioned. Salt-works were in that country given as donations to abbeys seven hundred years ago. In 1126, David the First gave the salt-pan at Airth, near the head of the Firth of Forth, with many other things, to endow the Abbey of Holyrood at Edinburgh; and it is evident, from the chartularies of Newbattle, that that conventual establishment had salt-panns on the same estuary in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The mode of the manufacture is said to have been improved by some of Queen Mary's French attendants, who, in consequence, obtained from their mistress an exclusive privilege for the manufacture, which lasted till the reign of Charles the Second. The process now followed in Scotland may be very briefly described. A reservoir is built near the sea, into which, at high water, supplies are taken in by means of a pipe extending a good way down the beach; for it is an object to get the water from a point as far below the surface as possible, so that it may be the more impregnated with salt, and require the less firing. From the reservoir, the water is pumped into the neighbouring pans, which generally extend in a range on both sides. The pans are shallow vessels of plate iron, about twenty feet by twelve, having a furnace below, with a space for holding coal. The whole apparatus is contained in a small cot, the covering of which is of deals, fastened by wooden pins, as iron nails are liable to be quickly corroded by the vapour from the salt. At the meeting of the roof, a space is left, to permit the vapour to escape. Two men, one of whom is a kind of drudge to the other, attend each pan; and they are not much cleaner or neater in appearance than coal-miners. This class of men in Scotland, together with colliers, were, till the year 1776, *slaves*—slaves to all intents and purposes—and, what is more curious, when their freedom was obtained by an application of their enlightened proprietors to Parliament, they exclaimed against the proposal, as a mere attempt on the part of those gentlemen to shake themselves clear of some small burden, to which they were liable by custom when one of the salters or coolmen happened to take a wife. The coal employed is the small kind, which is always considered as refuse at the Scotch pits; the salters call it *wood*, such having been perhaps the original fuel employed in the works. Bullock's blood is put into the boiling water, to bring its impurities to the top, which are skimmed off. When the water has boiled down, more is pumped in; and this process is repeated before the salt is finally drawn. From a pan of 1300 gallons, fifteen or twenty bushels, of fifty-six pounds each, are obtained in this manner, the process requiring about twenty-four hours. An oily residuum is carefully collected, and employed in the manufacture of magnesia. In general, the pans are only put through five processes in the week, which leaves the Saturday afternoon as a period of recreation to the men. The salt is at first very light and floury, in proportion to its bulk, and in this state is most appreciated. A still finer article, resolving into large crystals, is made between the last pan of one week and the first of an-

other, while the fire is low; and this is called *Sunday salt*.

A large proportion of the salt used in England, and nearly the whole of what is consumed in the United States of America, is derived from salt-springs, which, as already mentioned, issue forth at various places far removed from the sea. In Cheshire and Worcestershire are the chief salt-springs in England. At Northwich, in the former county, where there are also salt-mines, the trade of manufacturing salt from springs is carried on to a great extent, and has been so ever since the reign of Charles the Second. The water is generally impregnated with salt to the extent of twenty-two per cent., which is double the average of the springs found in France; and the process is almost exactly the same as that above described. All over the back settlements of America there are numerous salt-springs, which are there called *salt-licks*; and an immense quantity is yearly manufactured from them, though the processes appear of an inferior order, and the salt produced not nearly so good as that made in England. Hence, no less than three millions and a half of bushels were exported from Britain to the United States in 1829, besides a million and a half to our own colonies bordering on that republic. American travellers mention that the salt-licks are much resorted to by animals, who seem to have as much need for this condiment as human beings. Flint speaks of tracks in the woods extending for hundreds of miles, and formed solely by wild animals on their way to the salt-licks. It is probable that most of the country west from the Alleghany mountains, and between 31° and 45° north latitude, is pervaded by a stratum of salt, deposited there by the evaporation of a vast lake or central sea, long since vanished.

We now come to speak of salt as found, in a solid shape, either on the surface of the earth, or in subterranean beds. On both sides of the Atlas mountains, in the north of Africa, there are plains covered thickly with salt several miles in width, and extending as far as the eye can reach. In Abyssinia, there is a plain of salt four days' journey across. In North America, large prairies near the sources of the Arkansas river, and on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, are found covered with a cake of salt several inches thick. In these and similar instances it is to be supposed that the sea covered the ground at a comparatively recent period, when nearly the present levels had been attained. Where salt, however, is found in profound mines, or in large masses above the general surface, and intermixed or covered with soil, it is to be presumed that the deposit took place in the early stages of creation, or at least of the arrangement of the materials of the globe. Spain is the country where salt is found most generally in masses above the general surface. At Cordova there is a mountain, 300 feet high, which consists to the amount of four-fifths of salt. At no great distance is a promontory more than double that height, which consists altogether of salt of a red colour. At La Mancha there is a similar mass 210 feet in diameter. And near the river Ebro, there is a whole chain of hills, consisting of salt, mixed with layers of limestone. The salt-mines of the Tyrol are also in a mountain, so that they can be wrought by horizontal excavations. In Peru, there are salt-mines on mountainous situations no less than 10,000 feet above the present level of the sea!

Where salt is found in beds beneath the general surface, it is generally found to rest upon some one of the class of rocks which are considered as of secondary formation, and to be covered with others of a similar kind, such as sandstone, limestone, clay, and so forth. The beds in Cheshire occur from thirty to fifty yards beneath the surface, and are from twenty to thirty yards thick, consisting of a hard clear reddish crystal, which requires to be dissolved in water and clarified before it is fit for use. It is dug like coal, by pickaxes and wedges, and sometimes is blasted with gunpowder. The greater part is exported to America, to the Netherlands, and even to Russia and Prussia. The mines are dry and healthy, and, being supported by thick pillars of salt at proper distances, have a striking appearance when illuminated. There are similar salt-mines in various parts of Germany and Hungary. But the most wonderful are those of Poland, which have been wrought ever since the fifth century, and, being in the hands of government, are the source of an immense revenue. The entrances to the pits are a few miles from Cracow; but the city is completely undermined, and is suspended, as it were, upon pillars of salt. The vaults or spaces whence the salt has been extracted, are uncommonly large and spacious; some of them contain chapels, of which that of St Anthony is thirty feet high, and is furnished with images of the saints cut out of the prevailing mineral. Others of the vaults are used as magazines for salt after it has been dug; and some are employed as stables for the horses, a great number of which are in constant use. The roof is supported either by masses of the salt left for that purpose, or by timber posts; but in some places there are large vaults, which appear without any support, and lead the eye into uninterrupted gloom. The whole are dry and healthy; and the miners, who work six or eight hours at a time, attain the ordinary length of human life.

An analysis of various kinds of foreign and domestic salt was made some years ago, by Dr Henry of Manchester, in order to ascertain the respective purity of each. From the experiments of this gentleman, it appeared that that called the *fishery salt*, produced in

Cheshire, contains 986½ parts of pure muriate of soda in 1000, the remaining 13½ parts being chiefly of sulphate of lime. The salt formed by simply crushing the rock of the Cheshire mines is little inferior in purity, being 983½ parts of muriate of soda to 6½ of sulphate of lime, 10 of insoluble earthy matter, and various minute proportions of muriates and sulphates. The Scotch common salt was found by Dr Henry to have only 935½ of pure muriate of soda or genuine salt, to 28 muriate of magnesia, 4 of earthy matter, 15 sulphate of lime, and 17½ sulphate of magnesia. The French salt, made in the peculiar way already described, hovers in purity between the common Scotch and the Cheshire kinds. Of the rock-salt of eastern Europe, no analysis that we are aware of has yet been taken.

It was calculated by M. Necker, the great financier, that the people of France annually consumed 19½ pounds of salt each at an average. Mr M'Culloch calculates that those of Great Britain consume each 22 pounds, and assigns the difference in the chief ailments of the two countries as the cause why the Englishman eats two pounds and a half more than his neighbour on the other side of the Channel. It appears, however, that, even in the same species of food, different nations may employ very different quantities of salt. The bread of Great Britain contains a pound of salt to the bushel of flour, while that of the United States contains only half a pound. Salt is used for many other purposes besides giving a relish to food. It is employed in glass-making, in the manufacture of bleaching-liquor, in the operations of the skinner, in making the glaze for earthenware, and in the preparation of a number of useful and extensively-used medicines.

Salt is now used to a considerable extent in agriculture—an idea suggested upwards of two centuries ago by Napier, the inventor of the logarithms, but never acted upon till the present age. Sowed in a certain quantity upon the ground, it acts as a stimulant to vegetable life, by exciting the absorbent vessels into greater action than usual, and thereby causing them to take up their nourishment more rapidly, and perform their secretions and circulations with greater energy, which necessarily increases the growth. Care must be taken, however, to give only a certain quantity, for, when applied too liberally, it destroys vegetation altogether, and leaves only a brown and withered surface. Of course, those parts of tropical countries which are covered thickly with salt, remain in a state of perpetual barrenness. The scriptural writers were aware of this natural fact, and in several parts of the Bible we find the sowing of salt used as a metaphor for rendering a place desolate. There being a valley between Tadmor and Idumea in this condition, was perhaps what suggested the idea to the Jewish writers. It is curious that, in 1596, about the very time when Napier was cogitating the plan of rendering the soil fruitful by a moderate sprinkling of salt, we find his neighbour and sovereign, King James the Sixth, threatening to raze Edinburgh to the foundation, and sow the place with salt, after the scriptural idea of lasting desolation, as a punishment for the riotous behaviour of the inhabitants.* Salt had also something of a sacred character in the estimation of ancient nations. It was a symbol of friendship and fidelity, due to guests, friends, or servants, from their entertainers or masters; and to this day, in some eastern countries, if a guest has tasted salt with his host, his person will be held inviolable, even although the individual may be afterwards discovered to have done his entertainer some grievous wrong. The sacrifices of the Jews were all seasoned with salt, and we read in the Bible of a covenant of salt. It has also its place in modern superstition. Among the common people all over Scotland, a new house, or one which a new tenant was about to enter, was always sprinkled with salt, by way of inducing luck. A plate of salt used regularly to be deposited on the breast of a corpse after it was dressed; a custom which was probably meant at first to have the effect of a charm, in warding off evil influences of one kind or another. Another custom of a curious nature once prevailed in our own, and probably also in other countries, in reference to salt. Men of rank, it is well known, formerly dined at the same table with their dependents and servants. The master of the house and his immediate relations sat at the upper end, where the floor was a little elevated. The persons of greatest consequence sat next, and all along down the sides, towards the bottom, the rank of the guests declined by well-considered gradations, till the servants were found at the bottom. At a certain part of the table, was placed a huge salt-vat, which formed a line of demarcation between the superior and the inferior orders. Sitting above the salt was the mark of a gentleman, or man of good connections; while to sit beneath it indicated a humble station in society. There was also a gradation of liquors, from the generous wine at the head, to the small beer at the bottom; but with this custom, though perhaps of more material consequence than the other, we have at present no concern.

Salt was the subject of a tax among the Romans, and has been so among most modern nations. The tax was in France so very oppressive, and, by provoking smuggling, caused so many thousands of persons to be annually sent to the galleys, that it is reckoned

to have been one of the leading causes of the revolution. In this country, a tax was first imposed in the reign of William the Third. In 1798, it amounted to 5s. a-bushel, or about a penny a-pound; but it afterwards rose in England to 15s. a-bushel, which caused a great deal of smuggling. The bad effects of the high duty being strongly represented to the House of Commons, it was, in 1823, removed altogether; which was certainly an unnecessary extent of relief, as a million a-year might have easily been raised from this article, for the service of the state, without being felt by the people, or causing any contraband dealings. The article is now sold at about 14s. or 16s. per ton.

MANNERS OF WEST INDIA SLAVES.

A GENTLEMAN, resident in St Vincent's, has sent us a large mass of interesting original information on the condition and character of the slaves on one of the estates in that island; but from the controversial nature of the subject, we are prevented from inserting any portion of the details in our Journal, except that which relates to the manners and customs of the negroes.

"In their manners (says our correspondent) they are more polite than many would be inclined to credit: for you hear them, at every turn, addressing not only their superiors, but each other, with, 'Yes, sir'—'No, ma'am'—'My good lady there,' meaning his wife—'Brother,' 'Sister,' or 'Cousin,' and other expressions that would amuse as well as surprise a stranger. They are passionately fond of dress, singing, and dancing. Whatever money they make is usually laid out in finery of some description, which they arrange with a good deal of taste, especially the ornaments for the head, as handkerchiefs and turbans. The hair, which is naturally short and woolly, they endeavour, by every expedient, to draw out its curls, by forming little cork-screw plaits all over the head; and the men, who are for the most part beardless, are delighted to have a razor, to encourage the growth of the down upon their chin. They wear no shoes, except on grand occasions, more as an ornament to gratify their vanity than any advantage, as they appear to be rather an encumbrance than conveniences; for in going or returning from a festival, you often find them with their shoes in their hands, or, if not, hobbling like a cat in walnut shells. Many of them are able to plait straw hats, which they do very neatly, of a coarse, light, and flexible grass, which grows in abundance in the fields.

The usual dress of the men is a pair of white trousers and shirt, with a straw hat; but others wear, in addition, a blue jacket and black hat. The women wear a gown, chemise, and petticoat, with a handkerchief or Scotch cap on the head, and a necklace of coloured beads round the neck; to which they also sometimes add a hat, neckerchief, &c. They are passionately fond of music, and very readily acquire any tune they hear, turning every circumstance or important event into such rude verses as those sung on the day after my arrival at Grand Sable Estate, when they had holiday given them, and something to make merry.

'My Lady Brisbane gone away,
Mamma come and give us holiday.
Huzza! huzza!'

And these you hear repeated over and over again, as they pass along the road, or down the cane-rows at work. On another occasion, when returning from an excursion, I was amused as well as surprised by hearing a negro boy as he approached me whistling, with great accuracy and precision, and at the same time with some melody and execution, the hunting-song in Der Freischütz. The adult negroes, when working in the fields, have their favourite songs, in which the whole gang unite, iterating or bringing down together a long line of glittering hoes in exact time; the delicate and attenuated voices of the females, blended sweetly and prettily with the full deep tones of the male performers. Our negro sailors, too, have their nautical songs, similar to the 'Canadian boat-song,' and ply the oar, or pull upon the hawser and capstan, adapting the measure to the slowness or rapidity of their movements. Nay, even the little Creole gang of children have some favourite choruses; and a leader, a little improvisatore, who composes as he goes along, drawing from the stores of his own imagination, or forming rude verses from the ideas suggested by passing objects: first comes the solo of their leader, and then his little band of followers, joining in one simultaneous and merry chorus, beating the time with their hands or upon their little breakfast tins.

Dances and entertainments are given all over the island at Christmas, when they have three days' holidays, and sometimes got up in such a style, that a gentleman assured me he had known a negro spend a very large sum of money, and kill two fat pigs at his ball and supper, for which they issue a sort of invitation card. They have a display of all kinds of vegetables, with fowls, pork, &c.; and sport in addition, too, rum, bottled porter, and Madeira wine. They who cannot afford to give entertainments, give so much for a ticket of admission to the ball-room and permission to dance. On these occasions, they spend the greater part both of the day and night in singing, with their usual characteristic ardour and agility, displaying such an easy graceful movement, and marking

* See both facts in Birrel's Diary, Dalryd's Fragments of Scottish History, &c. 1796.

with so much precision the time and tune, that their performances would often do credit to the more practised elegance; and is very favourably contrasted with the rude earnestness and clumsy movement of the English peasant, who, neglecting or ignorant of the airy movement 'on the light fantastic toe,' confines his skill to the incessant thumping of his heel in or out of tune, or an awkward swing, endangering his neighbours' shins by his ungraceful pirouette. The ladies dress themselves out with great taste; and I have seen some of the men dressed in long black or blue coats, with white stockings and pumps; white pinked striped or nankeen trousers; a white plaited shirt and neckcloth, and a broad scarlet riband passing round the neck, and brought to the waistcoat-pocket, in imitation of the riband for an eye-glass or watch-guard, having at the same time in his hand or waistcoat-pocket a bottle of lavender water, to refresh himself and partner. In dancing country dances, they have a custom peculiar to themselves; and that is, whenever any gentleman who is out of the set observes another too long a time dancing with a particular lady, he advances towards him, making a low and graceful bow, and, calling him out, takes the hand of his fair partner."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

IN the life of this distinguished painter, we find an extraordinary instance both of the precocity of genius and its power of raising the most humble individual, by well-pursued industry, to the highest eminence in public estimation.

Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol in 1769, and was the youngest of a family of sixteen children. His father, who had been bred an attorney, and was afterwards an officer of excise, at the time his son Thomas was born, kept an inn in Bristol; but his business here being unsuccessful, he removed, in 1772, to Devizes, in Wiltshire, where he became the landlord of the Black Bear. It appears that this removal was by no means advantageous to Thomas's father, who was a man of singular manners, and was fonder of spouting poetry to his guests than attending steadily to the affairs of his household. His mother, we are told, was a person of a very different and more respectable character. While in this house at the town of Devizes, the wonderful genius of little Thomas began to be manifested. He could recite verses to the admiration of all who heard him, and, by a natural faculty, began to use a pencil, and take likenesses—an accomplishment which induced his parents to present him to all strangers of note who visited their house. A striking instance of this precocity of talent occurred when he was but five years of age, and is thus mentioned:—Lord and Lady Kenyon happening to stop for a day at the Black Bear, on their way to Bath, Mr Lawrence, the landlord, entered their apartment, and began to expatiate on the genius of his boy, who, "although only in his fifth year, could recite them poetry, or speeches, or take their likenesses, whichever they chose." Lady Kenyon was, in the first instance, somewhat annoyed by the interruption; but there presently capered into the room, straddling upon a stick, the most lovely and spirited child she had ever beheld. His beautiful face was flushed with exercise, and neither she nor her husband felt inclined to stop his gambols. As soon as the boy could be induced to stand still, Lady Kenyon took him into her arms, and asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to the future Lord Chief Justice. The child, looking with an impatient earnestness at Lord Kenyon, exclaimed, "Yes, that I can, and very like too." Whilst materials were sent for, the child resumed his play; but when all was prepared, throwing his little legs from over his stick, he was lifted on the table, and seated in an arm chair, from which height he took Lord Kenyon's likeness, with a rapidity, a spirit, and a correctness truly astonishing. That done, he was impatient to be gone; but his lordship, coaxing him, asked if he could take the likeness of the lady. The boy exclaimed, "Yes, that I can, if she will only turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." This produced a burst of laughter; for Lady Kenyon, by an accident, had a slight curvature of the nose. The child took the profile. Twenty-five years after, an old friend of Lady Kenyon saw this portrait, and could distinctly trace a resemblance to what her ladyship had been at the period when it was taken.

At the age of six years, little Lawrence was sent to school, where he remained only two years; and this was all the education he ever received, except a few lessons afterwards in Latin and French from a dissenting clergyman. From his sixth to his tenth year, he continued to take likenesses occasionally, and to be exhibited as a prodigy by his partial father, who seems to have in some measure lived on the profits of his son's ingenious exertions. At the age of ten, the young artist commenced, of his own accord, to execute original compositions of a higher class. He painted several scripture pieces; and his fame in this branch of the arts also spreading, he was invited by gentle-

men to visit their galleries of paintings from the eminent masters.

The erratic efforts of the rising artist did not save his father from ruin. Old Lawrence failed in his business at Devizes, and removed to Bath, where he placed his son a pupil with Mr Hoare, a crayon-painter of taste and fancy. Under this excellent master he acquired those qualities of grace, delicacy, and spirit, which afterwards distinguished his productions. While at Bath, and only thirteen years of age, he made a drawing of the Transfiguration, which having sent to the exhibition of the Society of Arts, was rewarded by the society conferring upon him the great silver palette, and five guineas, in approbation of his abilities. During his residence at this place of fashionable resort, he was taken by his father on excursions to Oxford, Salisbury, and other towns, where he obtained considerable occupation for his pencil. It is said he generally received four sitters every day, giving to each half an hour, and half an hour longer from memory. When about sixteen years of age, he was strongly inclined to make the stage his profession, and he actually performed at the Bath theatre; but from this line of life he was happily diverted, and turned to better pursuits. He remained at Bath about six years; and, during the whole of this period, young as he was, he was the sole support of his father and the other members of the family. At length, his father, either thinking that his labours might be made still more profitable in a wider field, or perhaps prevailed upon by the remonstrances of his son, determined to remove to London.

It was in the early part of the year 1787, when in his eighteenth year, that young Lawrence was brought to the metropolis, to commence that career which terminated so triumphantly. He was now in the midst of institutions established for affording instructions in his art, and this was a most fortunate circumstance for him at this crisis in his life. It appears, that, on the arrival of the family in London, his father immediately hired a handsome suite of apartments in Leicester Square, in the immediate neighbourhood of the rooms of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom he was anxious his son should be introduced. On applying to this great painter for this purpose, an interview was appointed; and young Lawrence, with the sensibility inseparable from worth and talents, was taken to the painting-room of this distinguished head of the English school of art. Sir Joshua was forcibly struck by the beauty, fine figure, and graceful manner of the lad, and received him with an attention and a benignity that dissipated his apprehensions, and restored him to self-possession. The performance he brought with him was examined, and partially approved of; and having given the young painter several valuable directions, kindly told him he was welcome whenever he chose to call. Lawrence listened to his remarks with deference, and felt grateful for the attention bestowed upon him. Seeing now the folly of his father in wishing to set him up as a master of the art of painting, he very soon removed from Leicester Square to less splendid lodgings in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, and procured himself to be admitted a student at the Royal Academy.

From this period may be dated the rapid rise of Mr Lawrence into notice in the higher circles of society in the metropolis. Every year he attained a greater proficiency in his art; but though commissions for portraits to a considerable extent flowed in upon him, his pecuniary affairs were far from affluent. The drafts upon his purse, in behalf of his parents, were absorbing; but although this burden long held him down, he was never heard to murmur or complain. In 1791, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy; in the following year, on the death of his former patron Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was appointed his successor in the offices of painter to his Majesty and to the Dilettanti Society. From this time his reputation grew steadily till he came to be generally considered the first portrait painter of the age. Every year he produced portraits of eminent characters, and his works included pictures of most of the crowned heads in Europe. In April 1815, the Prince Regent was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Mr Lawrence. At the request of the prince he was induced to proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle, to take likenesses of the most distinguished statesmen who had there met for diplomatic purposes; having executed this mission, to proceed to Vienna, and from thence to Rome, where he had an opportunity of contemplating the great masterpieces of ancient art. During the whole of Sir Thomas's residence on the Continent, he was entertained in the palaces of the various sovereigns with marked distinction; and the propriety and elegance of his deportment made an impression highly favourable to his character as an English artist and gentleman. He returned to England in 1820, but before his arrival, on the death of Mr West, he was elected without opposition to succeed him as President of the Royal Academy. This distinguished office he continued to hold till his lamented death. This event took place in a sudden manner on the 7th of January 1830, and was ascertained to have been caused by an extensive and complicated ossification of the heart—a disease which has prematurely cut off many men of genius.

It would be useless here to say any thing of the character of this eminent individual as a painter. His works, and engravings from them, are every where to be met with, and their superiority may be discovered

even by the most ignorant, from their extraordinary delicacy of touch and gracefulness. He was one of the few eminent English painters who attained a proficiency in their profession before visiting Italy, or without studying the old masters—a circumstance attributable to his wonderful native genius and good taste. Although he never had to contend with those difficulties at the outset which have frequently beset the early career of men who arrived at distinction, his biography presents us with the instructive example of a man of genius successfully struggling to support a father's family, and who was neither intoxicated with applause nor abandoned to that recklessness of conduct which is too commonly found the concomitant of genius, especially when not strengthened by a good education in youth. But we will remember that although Sir Thomas's father was a *down-draught*, his mother was a woman of considerable intelligence and of many lady-like qualifications, as well as matronly virtues; and to her he no doubt owed much of that steadiness of principle which carried him so successfully through life.

LANDING IN AFRICA.

IN an interesting work, entitled "Sketches of Spain and Morocco, by Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, Baronet," the accomplished author presents us with the following account of his first landing on the shores of Africa, and the manners of the Moorish population at Tangier, a town on the coast of the Mediterranean, nearly opposite Gibraltar:—

"On approaching the African shores, the aspect of the mountains was desert in the extreme, and the country appeared totally uncultivated, and partially covered with brushwood. As we approached Tangier, the town presented an appearance novel and striking in the highest degree, forming an amphitheatre picturesquely broken by the mosques and high towers of the consular houses, and crowned by the lofty battlements and irregular turrets of the castle commanding the whole. At three o'clock, seated astride on the brawny neck of a Morocco Jew, I made my triumphant entry through the surf, and was landed safe and sound, for the first time in my life, in Africa. The acting consul-general, Mr Ellis, was down on the beach to receive me; and his influence, seconded by the weighty arm of the captain of the port, a sturdy Moor, which fell heavily upon the shoulders of troops of inquisitive wretched-looking Jews, brought me safe through the crowds that were assembled to look at me.

Cockney travellers, on passing from Dover to Calais, are oftentimes pleased to manifest their wonder at the marvellous alteration exhibited to their eyes. The person, however, who for the first time exchanges the shores of Europe for those of Barbary, may well be allowed to express his feelings of surprise at the new and extraordinary scene so suddenly presented to his view. A very few hours' sail has carried him from Europe to the vast and mysterious continent of Africa, from the midst of civilization into barbarism; and, from being surrounded in the morning by Christians, he finds himself in a crowd of Mahometans. The order of things is completely reversed, and every object appears to him novel and strange in the highest degree. The change is indeed so striking, that you may almost imagine yourself to have been transported at once to Timbuctoo; so wretchedly barbarous and so truly African does every thing appear to the eyes of the Christian stranger.

Tangier is a good specimen of a Moorish town. While you view it from the bay, it looks fair and inviting, and, it may be said, almost magnificent: when you enter the walls, however, the illusion ceases, and you can hardly believe your own eyes at the woful falling off in the aspect of things. The principal, and indeed the only one that can be called a street, and which intersects the town in an irregular manner from east to west, consists of a miserable collection of houses, the meanness of which is made more conspicuous by the almost splendid appearance of one or two of the consular houses. Near these the street opens into an oblong space forming a kind of market-place, one side of which is occupied by a low range of shops, or rather stalls, where fruits and different articles of grocery are sold.

One would have expected, in a street inhabited by the representatives of the European powers, to have found the pavement at least passable, whatever might be the case in other parts of the town. This is, however, hardly the case; and the Christians in this instance seem to be as regardless of their own comfort and safety as the Mahometans, for a more villainous piece of paved or unpaved road is or was not, when I was there, to be found in any part of the dominions of the sovereigns either of Morocco or Spain. From this principal street, as I have described it, numerous others branch off, winding round the town in all directions. Whilst slowly picking your way through these, you are almost inclined to fancy yourself in some of the barbarous towns in the very heart of Africa. In order to touch the houses on both sides of you, there is no occasion to extend your arms very wide; or to raise them to any great height, to reach the flat roofs as you walk along. As for the doors, many of which are scarcely three feet in height, you wonder how any human being can get in, much less the gigantic body of a Moor.

The houses, which, with few exceptions, have but one story, form a small square, one side of which

consists of the entrance door and a wall, and the rest of three small narrow apartments destitute of windows, and merely receiving their light through an open arch which forms the doorway. From the courtyard, a flight of steps reaches to the roof, which constitutes a flat terrace of considerable thickness to keep out the rain. It is thus prepared: over the boards which form the ceiling, a layer of clay, about a foot in thickness, is well beaten down. This is covered by a coating of lime: another layer of clay then succeeds, and a thicker one of lime to form the outer surface, the whole being well beaten down and whitewashed several times."

Our traveller next visited the Alcazaba, or castle of Tangier, to pay his respects to the bashaw or governor. Returning from this visit, he continues, "as we descended the hill, an arched entrance, near the gates of the Alcazaba, pointed out the approach, as I was told, to the habitation of a saint. These gentry, whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter, are as abundant at Tangier as elsewhere—a small white linen flag, or rag, stuck on a pole, denoting their abode, which no Christian is allowed to pollute with his presence, or even to approach. From the habitations of Moors, saints, and Jews, being indiscriminately mixed together at Tangier, it requires a residence of some time, and a perfect knowledge of the many little winding streets, to make oneself well acquainted with those in which you are not permitted to set foot; and it frequently happens, that after following one of these winding alleys for some time, you find you are in a cul de sac inhabited by Moors, by whom you are almost sure of being reviled should you chance to be seen. On this account, a stranger is always provided with a soldier to attend him whenever he stirs out."

In such a miserable place as Tangier, it might naturally be supposed that the most profound silence and tranquillity would reign during the night; quite the reverse; and a stranger, on his arrival, does not find it an easy matter to close his eyes, so incessant is the noise echoed through all parts. This is owing to the military patrol, who are stationed in different parts, and perambulate the town throughout the night, calling out the watchword; which, being repeated by the next, circulates in an instant through the whole of the place, and is repeated about every five minutes during dark. In vain the poor stranger tries to close his eyes, and, turning from side to side, wonders at the cause of the weary cries that he hears thus echoed. Through many a weary hour is he constrained to bear this uproar, when, towards dawn, the wretches who have been murdering his repose slink away, and for an instant his weary eyelids are closed by sleep. I say for an instant, for the cries of the night patrol have scarcely died away, when he is suddenly aroused by a loud sepulchral voice, whose unearthly tones appear to his drowsy senses to descend from the air: this is the mudden or crier, who, from the top of the mosque, calls out to the true believer to shake off sleep and repair to prayers. It is the universal custom in Morocco, the use of bells being unknown both in Barbary, and, I believe, in other parts of the world where the Mahometan religion is professed. According to its rules, every Mussulman must repeat his prayers five times during the day; and this injunction by no means adds to the repose of the inmates of the consular house, from its immediate vicinity to the great mosque.

Every morning, when it is still almost dark, the mudden ascends the tower or minaret, and begins to exclaim from the top with a loud stentorian voice, in order to wake and give notice to the inhabitants. Having ceased for a short time, he recommences, continuing his exhortation or prayer for nearly half an hour, while the people are dressing and preparing themselves for the mosque. A third time he commences, when they repair to the mosque, and the first prayers are repeated, it being now dawn. The second prayers, which are announced in a similar manner, take place at twelve o'clock. The third time the mudden cries is nearly two o'clock; the fourth time, at gun-fire or sunset; the fifth and last prayers being announced at the close of day, and when the last gleam of light has disappeared on the horizon.

From the foregoing circumstances, it will be easily conceived, that, however agreeable and quiet Tangier may be during the day, it is not so during the hours when one feels most inclined to repose. A powerful addition to these miseries might well be enumerated in the never-failing lungs of one of those personages whom the besotted ignorance of the people dignifies by the name of saints, and who is one of the curiosities of Tangier. This holy man, who is easily recognised by his uncovered head, his filthy raiment, and a long staff with the aid of which he slowly perambulates the streets, is distinguishable from other saints by a loud peculiar bellowing, which is so strange and incessant as to induce some to suppose that it is the howling of an evil spirit which by some means or other has got possession of the good old man's inside. At cock-crow his daily roarings commence, usually stationing himself at the door of the fondak or caravansary, which is a short distance above the English house. The utmost respect and obedience are paid by the Moors to this old madman, who acts in some respects with considerable method and forethought. Every market day he makes his appearance in the sok, provided with a capacious basket, which he fills at the different stalls with whatever pleases his fancy, and for which payment is never demanded. It

is amusing enough to see how well the holy man forages for himself: from one he takes a piece of meat, from another bread, from a third vegetables, until at last, having got sufficient to stop the throat of his noisy companion within him, he makes a quiet and orderly retreat.

The law here is administered with little form: the judge hears the different causes and suits frequently in the open street, and sitting probably at the door of some shop, where the respective parties plead their own causes before him; and the point in dispute is at once decided in a manner rather more expeditious than in our Court of Chancery, and as summarily as a country bench of magistrates disposes of a question of rates or a settlement case. Matters, however, are often left to be determined by arbitration. The usual punishment is the bastinado, which is so unsparingly administered upon all ranks and orders, that it may be considered indeed the birthright of a Moor. Arising out of this little instrument, three general divisions or classes of society exist in Morocco, as I have heard it observed: first, the sultan; secondly, those who beat; and, lastly, those who are beaten; the latter class always living in hopes to advance in life, and change places with the one immediately above them; a pithy arrangement, but very significant of the people and country.

Beheading prevails in cases of criminal delinquency; and in this operation the Moors are as expert as their other Mahometan brethren. The sufferer being thrown on his back on the ground, his legs and arms are held steady, while the operator, by means of a long sharp knife, removes the head, with a quickness and dexterity attained by practice alone; when in the hands of a novice, some hacking, as I have been told, naturally occurs. Decapitation, indeed, is so usual in Morocco, that it is thought little of; and a body is shortened with as much unconcern and ease as an Englishman slices off the head of a turnip. In many countries men's heads are their own; in this they belong to the sultan, before whom every Moor, proud and haughty as he may appear, crouches with the most abject slavery, in token of his being master of his life, and every thing he possesses."

A sketch of the manners and customs of the people of this interesting portion of Africa will be given in a succeeding number.

SCOTTISH PROBATIONERS.

THERE is a very general ambition among the lower order of the Scotch people, founded on the most laudable points of their character, to rear one of their family to be a clergyman. The English would be astonished if they knew what poor people north of the Tweed will do to attain this object—how shepherds, and small tradesmen, and coachmen, will sometimes contrive to obtain a learned education for one of their children, who perhaps gladdens their eyes before they die, by appearing in a pulpit, and fixing himself in one of the most respectable stations in life. No doubt, the wonder is lessened, in some measure, by the extreme cheapness of education in Scotland, and the expedients which are open to students for procuring their own support as they advance. Yet, after making every allowance, it must still be held as an extraordinary, and, in a national point of view, a creditable thing, that the bulk of the members of one of the learned professions of the country should be derived from a class of society almost the poorest which it possesses.

Praiseworthy, however, as we may allow the spirit to be, which induces a poor man in Scotland to make himself a great deal poorer, in order that one of his children may hereafter be a credit to him, and fill a high sphere of usefulness in his country, we cannot see that there is any abstract good in the Scottish clergy being so generally the children of poor men. It would be quite as well, we think, judging the question upon principles of general humanity, if clergy were to arise from a class who could afford the education of their children with somewhat less of suffering, leaving the poor people to bring up their offspring to pursuits which would demand a smaller sacrifice of their own comfort. There is no reason in the world that a parent should pinch himself all his days, and abstract part of the comfort due to his other children, in order that one may hereafter be in the situation of a gentleman, while he and his remaining offspring still continue in their original humility. It is easy to see that there is a partiality and a wrong in this, which there is nothing on the other hand but a gratified sentiment to compensate. Nor is there any reason in the world that one man should wade through misery to a situation which another can attain without any misery. The privations of the Scottish theological students are in many cases dreadful—as would be the sufferings of any other persons of a humble rank, who should endeavour to step into any situation

equally different from their original, and equally difficult to be attained.

All this, however, proceeds upon the assumption that the situation is sure in the long-run to be gained. If it were so, there might be more feasibility in this strange ambition of the common people. But, unfortunately, there is such a disproportion between the number of livings in the Scottish church and the number of those who are educated for the profession, that, for one who is successful, perhaps two are otherwise. The livings are about a thousand, of which thirty, at an average, become vacant every year. As four years is the period of theological education, it follows that little more than a hundred and twenty young men should ever be at one time in preparation for the profession. Now, it is far within the mark to assign five times this number as the amount of theological students in the various universities. The consequence is, that a vast number of young men are brought into a most delicate, anomalous, and painful situation in life, unable to obtain the employment for which they were reared, and equally powerless to adapt themselves to any other, except, perhaps, the business of teaching, which is more meanly paid than the humblest of the arts. "Exactly twenty years ago," says a friend at our elbow, "I was completing my classical course with a young man, the son of a very poor person, who was destined for the church. For twelve years, I have been in a way of supporting myself, and am now in a position in life with which I have every reason to be satisfied. What has been the fate of my school-companion? Owing to the narrow circumstances of his parents, his education was protracted through twice the number of years that would otherwise have been necessary. About nine or ten years ago, he was at length able to obtain a licence as a preacher, but not before he had undergone sufferings and difficulties such as could have never been his fate, if he had chosen a course of life more suitable to his native circumstances. Nor was the licence to preach an end to his distresses. He has since then found no better employment than to live with a very small gentleman as tutor to his children, upon a salary which scarcely keeps up a decent wardrobe. With the greatest personal worth, he possesses respectable abilities; yet such is the difficulty of obtaining a clerical location, that he may yet hang on for years before he obtains one, and, after all, may have to sink into the forlorn condition of a country schoolmaster, or try to find a congregation among the backwoods of America. He appears in my eyes in no other light than as a person who has lost his proper place in the world, and never been able to find another. The whole flower of his life is past, without having been either enjoyed or usefully employed; and even should he now become fixed in a clergyman's salary (seldom great at the best in this quarter of the island), what a deduction would need to be made to compensate for the years he has lost!"

Such is a single instance, but it is one which every reader will be able to multiply from his own recollections. It is in reality the case of a vast proportion of the young men reared in this country for the church; and it is one which every good mind must contemplate with regret. A multitude of young men of good abilities, who in other circumstances would have been benefiting the community, and securing their own prosperity and happiness, are left in the most distressing and hopeless situation, a burden to themselves and all connected with them.

Considering this as an evil of some magnitude in our country, and one which calls for correction, we have thought it consistent with the aims of our humble sheet, to convey the above remarks to the minds of the common people, in order that they may be induced to pause, before giving way to even those laudable feelings which are so apt to lead them into a course pregnant with mischief to themselves and others. If they are chiefly inspired with a wish that a child of theirs should be concerned in the great business of enforcing religious precepts, they ought to consider if they are sure that an opportunity to do so, will, under present circumstances, be allowed to him. If the temporal advantage and respectability of a clerical situation be what chiefly animates them, they would do well to consider if equal advantages may not be gained at a less sacrifice of immediate comfort. A parochial minister has certainly something like a competency for current subsistence; and the dignity of his profession raises him considerably above that degree of public respect which the same income would gain in any other situation. The clergyman, however [we speak of Scotland only], has no means of extending his income, so as to provide for the settlement of his family, or for any other of those purposes to which the most natural and justifiable feelings might prompt him. We every day see men, whose education has cost little or nothing, and whose origin is the meanest, rise by trade to the enjoyment of an excellent income, and eventually accumulate immensities of wealth. The chances, indeed, in almost any course of life that an adventurous and able young man can enter into, are infinitely better than those of the

church. There is also a kind of grudge in the minds of a large class of the people respecting even the moderate incomes which the clergy enjoy, and to which no layman, however wealthy, or however discredibly he may use his wealth, is ever subjected: this, with a mind of any sensibility, must greatly detract from that comfort which is supposed to reside in a manse. It would, therefore, we think, be well for the individuals who are anxious to educate their sons for the church, to weigh well beforehand three questions—Is the situation temporally better than others which can be gained at less expense, and with less discomfort? Is there a good chance of the situation being gained after all the qualifications have been accomplished? Is it not better, since there is such difficulty in a poor person obtaining these qualifications, to permit some richer one to take the risk? Unless these questions can be satisfactorily answered, they are only sacrificing, to a vain excess of a laudable sentiment, their own welfare, and that of their children.

THE RIFLE, AN AMERICAN TALE.

ABOUT the middle of December, some ten or twelve years ago, before Illinois was admitted a sister state into the union, on the afternoon of a day that had been uncommonly severe, and during the morning of which there had occurred a light fall of snow, two persons were seen riding along one of the immense prairies, in a northern direction. The elder seemed advanced in years, and was dressed in the usual habiliments of the country. He wore a cap made of the skin of the otter, and a hunting-shirt of blue linsey-woolsey covered his body, descending nearly to the knees, and trimmed with red woollen fringe. It was fastened round the waist by a girdle of buckskin, to which was also appended a bullet-pouch, made of the same material with the cap. His feet were covered with buckskin moccasins, and leggings of stout cloth were wrapped several times round his legs, fastened above the knee and at the ankle with strings of green worsted. The horse he bestrode was so small, that his rider's feet almost dragged on the ground, and he had that artificial gait which is denominated rocking. The old man's hair fell in long and uncombed locks beneath his cap, and was white with the frosts of many winters; while the sallowness of his complexion gave proof of a long residence in those uncultivated parts of the country where the excessive vegetable decay, and the stagnation of large bodies of water, produce perennial agues. His companion was a young man, dressed according to the prevailing fashion of the cities of the eastern states, and his rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, evinced that he had not suffered from the effects of climate. He was mounted on a spirited horse, and carried in his hand, the butt resting on his toe, a heavy-looking rifle.

"Well, Doctor Rivington," said the elder person, "I should no more ha' looked to see one of you Yankees taking about wi' you a real Kentucky rifle, than I should ha' thought I'd be riding myself without one. If I did n't see it in your hands, I could almost swear that it's Jim Buckhorn's."

"You have guessed correctly, Mr Silversight," replied the young physician; "I believe you know almost every rifle in this part of the territory."

"Why, I have handled a power of 'em in my time, doctor," said the old man; "and there a'n't many good ones atwixt Sangano and the Mississip, that I don't know the vally on. I reckon, now, that same rifle seems to you but a clumsy sort of shooting-iron, but it's brought down a smart chance of deer, first and last. That lock's a rail screamer, and there a'n't a truer bore, except mine, that I left down in the settlement, to get a new sight to."

"I was unacquainted with the worth of the gun," resumed Charles Rivington; "but stepping into the gunsmith's this morning, I heard him lament that he had missed a chance of sending it out to Jimmy Buckhorn's; so, intending to come this way, I offered to take charge of it myself. In this wilderness country, we must stand ready to do such little offices of friendship, Mr Silversight."

"'Twas no doubt kindly meant, doctor, and Jim will be monstrous glad to git his piece agin," said the hunter. "But my wonderment is, and I don't mean no harm by it, how that tinker would trust such a screamer as that 'ere with a Yankee doctor. Do give it to me; I can't 'hide seeing a good rifle in a man's hand that don't know the vally on it."

Dr Rivington resigned the weapon with a good-humoured smile; for he had been some time in the country, and partly understood the love which a hunter always feels for a piece of the character of that he had been carrying; he knew, too, though the old man's manners were rough, there was nothing like roughness in his heart. Indeed, the very person who was loath to trust his young companion with a gun, intrinsically worth but a trifle, would, nevertheless, as we shall presently see, have unhesitatingly placed in his charge, without witness or receipt, an uncouth or unlimited amount of money. Handing his rifle across his horse to the old hunter, Charles Rivington observed, "I am glad you have offered to take it, Mr Silversight, for there appears to be a storm coming up, and, as I wish to reach Mr Wentworth's to-night, I can make the distance shorter, by crossing

through the timber into the other prairie, before I get to Buckhorn's."

"Will you be going to town to-morrow, doctor?" asked Silversight.

"I shall."

"Well, then, you can do me a good turn. Here," said the old man, handing a little leathern bag, "is fifteen dollars in specie; and the rest, four hundred and eighty-five in Shawnee-town paper, is wrapped in this bit of rug. Want you to pay it into the land-office, to clear out old Richly's land: I was going to take it in; but you'll do just as well, and save me a long ride."

The physician promised to attend to the business, and they kept on together, conversing about such subjects as the nature of the scene suggested, until they reached the place where the path, dividing, pursued opposite directions.

"This is my nearest way, I believe?" said Charles.

"It is," answered the old man. "This first track, that we noticed awhile ago, lies on my route; so I'll push my nag a little, soon as I load this rifle, and it may so be that I'll overtake company. Doctor, look here, and you'll know how an old hunter loads his piece—it may stand you in stead some day; I put on a double patch, because my bullets are a little smaller than Jim's, you mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball into its place, and carefully poured some priming into the pan, "it's done in quick time by them what have slept, year in and year out, with Red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, doctor; you needn't lift the certificates—the register may as well keep 'em till old Richly goes in himself."

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, as the night threatened to set in dark and stormy. The old hunter had proceeded about four or five miles on his way, when the report of a musket was heard reverberating through the night, and the old man, writhing and mortally wounded, fell from his horse, which, scared by the occurrence, ran wildly over the prairie. A form was seen a few minutes after, cautiously approaching the place, fearful lest his victim should not yet be dead; but apparently satisfied in this particular, by his motionless silence, he advanced, and proceeded immediately to examine the pockets of the deceased.

"So!" muttered he at length, when a fruitless search was finished, "the old curmudgeon has n't got the money after all; and I've put a bullet through his head for nothing. I'm sure I heard him say, in Brown's tavern, down in the settlement, that old Richly gave it to him to carry; well, it's his own fault, for telling a bragging lie about it; and the grey-headed scoundrel won't never jeep me again, for using a smooth-bore, before a whole company of Kentuck-squatters—it carried true enough to do his business. I'm sorry I dropped that flask, any how; but this powder-horn will make some amends," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the article he spoke of from the breast where it had hung for forty years. "What have we here!" said he again, as he struck his foot against the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "ho, ho," discharging it into the air, "if the worst comes to worst, they'll think his piece went off by accident, and shot him. But there's no danger—it will snow by day-light, and cover the trail, and the prairie wolves will finish the job."

Thus muttering, the ruffian remounted the animal he held by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie, nearly at right angles with the path along which the unfortunate hunter had been travelling.

It was in a log-house, larger, and of rather more comfortable construction, than was usually seen in that wilderness country, beside a fire that sent a broad and crackling flame half way up the spacious chimney, that there was seated, on the evening of this atrocious murder, in addition to its ordinary inmates, the young physician from whom we have lately parted. His greatcoat, hat, and overalls, were laid aside, and he was conversing with that agreeable fluency, and pleased expression of countenance, which denoted that he was happy in the society around him. Opposite, and busily employed in knitting, sat a beautiful girl of eighteen. From her work, which seemed to engross an unusual portion of her attention, she every now and then would send a furtive glance to their guest, thus telling, in the silent language of love, the tale she never could have found words to utter.

Catharine Wentworth was the daughter of a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant in the state of New York, but to whom misfortune in business had suddenly befallen, and had stripped him of all his fortune. Not caring to remain longer among scenes that continually brought to mind the sad change in his condition, he emigrated with his family to the wilds of Illinois. In a plain log-cabin he now enjoyed a degree of happiness that he had never known before. And well might he be happy, for his wife, two hardy and active sons, and his daughter Catharine, were all around him, smiling in contentment, and ruddy with health.

This happy family, with the addition of Charles Rivington, who was already betrothed to his dearly beloved Catharine, were gathered, as we have said, round the fireside, conversing cheerfully, when a light tap was heard at the door, and Mr Rumley, the deputy sheriff of the county, entered the apartment, apologising for his intrusion by saying he was on his

route for a cabin farther up the prairie. He was by no means a person of prepossessing look, and on the present occasion wore a haggard appearance; but he was welcomed to the cottage, and accommodated with a lodging for the night. In a short time the different members of the family retired to rest.

It was late on the following day that Charles Rivington, being returned to the town where he resided, was seated in his office, employed in counting a roll of notes, a pile of dollars lying at the same time on the table before him, when three men abruptly entered the apartment.

"You are our prisoner," cried the foremost of the party. "Look there, Jim; there's the very money itself. I can swear to the pouch."

"Stand back, sir, and lay hold of me at your peril," replied our hero; "if I am to be made prisoner, produce your warrant."

"You may as well submit, doctor," said Buckhorn, another of the party; "you are accused of being the murderer of old Silversight, who was found shot through the head on the road this morning."

"Is it possible? Poor old man! has he really been killed? When I parted with him last night, he was not only well, but seemed in excellent spirits. However, I yield myself your prisoner. I perceive there are some circumstances that cause suspicion to rest on me. I must rely, for a while, upon the character which, I trust, I have acquired since my residence among you, for honour and fair dealing, until I shall be able to prove my innocence, or till the real perpetrator is placed in the hands of justice."

So saying, Charles Rivington departed with the officer and his companions to the house of Mr Lawton, who, being a justice of peace, had issued a warrant for his apprehension. It is needless to say any thing of the examination. Our hero was committed for trial, and so strong were the proofs against him, that the worthy magistrate, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, could scarcely hesitate to believe him guilty. When the sun arose that morning, Charles Rivington was one of the happiest of men. Loving and beloved, his business increasing, his name respected, and the time rapidly approaching which was to bind him to his Catharine in the tender relationship of marriage—he looked back upon the glorious orb, as it burst through the eastern heaven, with an eye of almost kindred brightness. How changed the scene at its setting! Its last rays fell upon him through the iron-guarded window of a prison; but he was invigorated by conscious innocence. The only son and support of a widowed mother, he had been endowed with good principles, and now was deeply troubled at the distress she would experience on his account. Information was soon conveyed to the excellent woman of the unhappy fate of her boy, and she hurried to visit him in his confinement: the meeting was such as will be easily imagined.

To proceed: week after week rolled by, and the day appointed for the trial at length arrived. The little village in which the sessions of the circuit-court were held, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it, termed "the Public Square," in which stood a building, answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of a meeting-house when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small one-story edifice, about twelve feet square, and built of hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. Here lay the hero of our story till his trial took place.

The trial of Charles Rivington for murder excited a great deal of attention in this remote district, and on the important day the court-house was crowded. Among the witnesses who were examined was one Carnock, the nephew of the deceased. He mentioned, that, on the night of the 16th of December, he was surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped perhaps for a while at Buckhorn's, who lived at the distance of a mile or so; but as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of tracking the horse. He called for Buckhorn, and they got upon the trail, and followed it till they found the dead body. It led them to Mr Wentworth's. They inquired if any person had been there who had crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered, that Dr Rivington had crossed the stream, and remained the night with them; that Mr Rumley, the deputy-sheriff, had also remained the night, but that he had come from farther up on the same side. They followed on the trail till they arrived in the town. Being informed by Mr Drill the gunsmith, that Dr Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle out with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

Other witnesses were examined, and the prisoner was put on his defence; and all that talent or ingenuity could devise was done by skillful counsel. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character; but their evidence was rendered unnecessary, by the attorney for the prosecution admitting, in unequivocal terms, that, previous to the horrid occur-

rence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. Summing up very briefly, he assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to a moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder-flask had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree engraved upon it—C. R. M. D.—Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine; and that this was a point in the evidence of the most conclusive kind.

The charge of the judge, who was evidently much affected, occupied but a few minutes, and the jury retired to make up their verdict. The prisoner, in the meanwhile, sat firm and collected, though pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his situation in a nauseous confined prison. Let us hurry over this distressing scene. The prisoner, as was anticipated, was pronounced guilty, and doomed to perish on the gallows as a malefactor that day three weeks. The intense anxiety, and at length the horror of mind of the mother of this unhappy victim of circumstantial evidence, and of the sorrowing, almost distracted Catharine, both of whom waited with impatience the termination of the trial, it would be impossible to describe.

The three weeks which had been allowed before carrying the sentence of the court into effect, elapsed. The morning which our hero believed was to be the last of his earthly existence, rose with unwonted brightness; and throngs of people came pouring into the little village, impelled by curiosity to witness the appalling spectacle. The hour now arrived when Charles Rivington was to suffer the sentence of the law. A rude gallows was erected at about a quarter of a mile from the public square, and thither the sad procession moved. He was decently dressed in a black suit, and walked to the fatal spot with a firm step. He was very pale; but from no other outward sign might the spectator guess that he shrunk from the horrors of such a death. They reached the spot, and a prayer was offered up with unaccustomed fervour. The sheriff's attendant stood in waiting with the fatal cord; while the agonised mother, vainly endeavouring to emulate the firmness of her heroic son, approached with trembling steps to bid a last farewell—when, hark! a shout was heard—all eyes were turned to catch its meaning—another shout, and the words, "Stop the execution!" were distinctly audible. In an instant after, the death-pale form of Jimmy Buckhorn tumbled from his horse, with just sufficient strength remaining to reach towards the sheriff, with an order from the judge to stay the execution.

Jimmy Buckhorn had deeply lamented the fate of Charles Rivington, and, though at first bearing witness against him, felt a conviction of his innocence, and sought for some clue to the real murderer. For some time he was unsuccessful; but at length the thought struck him that the track in the side of the stream where Mr Wentworth resided might have been caused by a traveller passing along on the morning after the fatal deed, and the deputy-sheriff, in that case, might be the real culprit. He immediately set out to visit every cabin above Mr Wentworth's, to see if Rumley's story of having been further up the stream was correct. This took a considerable time; but the result satisfied him that the tale was false. He then procured the assistance of a surgeon, imposing upon him secrecy until the proper time for disclosure; and proceeded to disinter the body of Silversight. This was more successful than he had dared to hope: the ball had lodged in a cavity of the head, and being produced, Buckhorn pronounced at once, from its great size, that it could have been discharged only from Rumley's smooth-bore. He set out directly in search of the deputy-sheriff, whom, with his gun, he happily secured at one of the taverns in the new settlements, and thereupon lost not a moment in fleeing to the house of the judge to procure an order to delay the proceedings against the unoffending Rivington.

But the chain of evidence in this extraordinary case was not yet complete. A wild and dissipated young man, of the name of Michael Davis, who had just returned up the river from New Orleans, entered the office of the clerk of the county, on his way back from the place where the execution was to have taken place. Here he saw lying on the table the fatal powder-flask which had been brought in evidence against our hero, and which he proved to have been his own, "or rather," said he, "it was mine and Caleb Rumley's together; there's our initials C. R. M. D. for Caleb Rumley and Michael Davis, scratched on one of the sides with my own knife." Immediately on this wonderful development of Rumley's connexion with the murder, no one continued to hold the unfortunate Rivington any longer guilty; and it became the duty of the worthy magistrate to commit, in the course of that very day, that respectable personage Caleb Rumley, Esq. to the same tenement which Dr Rivington had lately inhabited. A bill was forthwith found by the grand jury, and the trial of the real murderer came on shortly after. For a long time he obstinately denied any knowledge of the death of Silversight; but as proofs after proofs were disclosed against him, he first became doggedly silent, then greatly intimidated, and at last made a full disclosure of his crime. He was accordingly found guilty, and executed on the same gallows that had been erected for our calumniated hero.

The sickness of Catharine Wentworth was long and severe; but our friend Charles was her physician, and the reader will not wonder that it yielded at last to

his skill. The excellent parent of our hero had been condemned, at different periods of her life, to drink deeply of the cup of affliction, and she had bowed with noble humility to her fate; but she now supported herself in this more trying hour of joy. As for her severely-trying son, he was now restored to the affections of all who knew him: his character was held in higher estimation than ever. Spring had gone forth, warbling with her thousand voices of delight, over those wide-extended prairies, and the flowers had sprung into a beautiful existence at her call, when the hand of the blushing Catharine, herself a lovelier flower, was bestowed in marriage on the transported Charles Rivington.

NEW YEAR OBSERVANCES IN SCOTLAND.

EXCEPT in some parts of the Highlands, where the day of the Nativity is still marked with some show of decent observance, the Scottish people may be said to have no holidays besides the first and last days of the year, and an anomalous festival called Handsel Monday. Easter and Christmas were no doubt observed in Scotland, before the Reformation, with the same pious regard as elsewhere. But after that period, when, as some one remarked, we made so much haste to escape from Rome, as almost to run out of Christendom, those festivals were denounced as Popish; nor even in the partially triumphant days of Episcopacy was it found possible to induce an observance of them. In a religious point of view, Christmas and Easter are totally unknown among us, except to Episcopalian families. To make up for this, however, we celebrate the close of the one year and the opening of the other with such intense mirthfulness, that the whole period is called, *par excellence*, the DAFT DAYS.

Christmas, it must be acknowledged, partakes a little of the general character of the Daft Days. It is honoured with a shadowy and traditional notice among the peasantry, the remains of a respect which has long gone by. The guizards, for instance, always look upon it as the first of those nights when it is lawful for them to go about in the exercise of their calling. We may also learn, from several popular rhymes, that it is either still, in some places, a day of feasting, or is recollected to have been so in times past. Thus, the boys in the old pastoral town of Peebles have a rhyme which they cry during the Daft Days, as they go about the streets:

"On Christemass nicht I turned the spit,
I burnt my finger, I find it yet!"

And in Fife they have a rhyme still more pointedly testifying the festive character of the day—a rhyme breathing a fine spirit of mingled gratitude and regret for past pleasures:

"Yule's come, and Yule's gane,
And we ha' feasted weel;
Sae Jock moun to his faill again,
And Jenny to her wheel."

Scotland has also in its time partaken of the old religious rites with which Christmas used to be celebrated at the peasant's fireside. The boys are still well acquainted with the rhyme alluded to in Ellis's edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities, as having been descriptive of, or allusive to, a certain domestic ceremony:

"Yule, Yule, Yule,
Three puddings in a pule!
Crack nuts and cry Yule."

These are curious memorials of the Scottish Christmas or Yule, and tend to illustrate the remark of Coleridge as to the difficulty of altogether erasing the marks of "that which once hath been." They show that even a high religious principle may fail to extinguish the humblest and homeliest custom, if it once be a custom, and have any recommendation from the universal taste for amusement. Old Scottish ballads allude to the hallow or holidays of Yule:

"When the hallow days of Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,
Then in and came her ain two sons,
And their hats made o' the birk."

There is also some illustration of this point to be derived from a child's rhyme; which, being redeemed from silliness by a good moral, may also be placed amidst these frail vestiges of an observance almost forgotten:

"There was a guse, they said it Luoe,
Was paddling in a pool-ry,
By cam a tod, wi' mony a nod,
And bad her to her Yule-y.
He took her hame, and thocht nae shame
To put her on a stool-y.
Then singit her claes, and burnt her claes,
And gaird her look like a fool-y."

And such will be the fate of all silly geese, which trust too much to the courteous invitations of wily tods.

But we hasten from Christmas to Hogmanay—from the shadow to the substance. Hogmanay is the universal popular name in Scotland for the last day of the year. It is a day of high festival among young and old, but particularly the young, who do not regard any of the rest of the Daft Days with half so much interest. In the town above mentioned, which, being quite secluded from other places, maintains old customs in considerable purity, the children of the poorer people—all of them, without exception of sex or age, if only able to walk—get themselves, at an early hour, tied into large aprons or sheets, the lower corners of which are turned up in front, so as to form

each into a vast pocket or refectory. Thus rigged out, they go in families or bands to the doors of all the better sort of people, to collect an alms of oaten bread, from time out of mind accustomed to be given on this day by the rich to the poor. Each child gets one quadrant section of oat-cake (sometimes, in the case of particular favourites, improved by an addition of cheese), and this is called their *hogmanay*. In expectation of the large demands thus made upon them, the housewives busy themselves, for several days beforehand, in preparing a suitable quantity of cakes. A particular individual, in my own knowledge, has frequently resolved two bolls of meal into hogmanay cakes. The children, on coming to the door, cry "Hogmanay!" which is in itself a sufficient announcement of their demands; but there are other exclamations, which either are or might be used for the same purpose. One of these is,

"Hogmanay,
Trolloley,
Give us of your white bread, and none of your grey!"

What is precisely meant by the mysterious word *Hogmanay*, or by the still more inexplicable *Trolloley*, I shall not pretend to determine: but the reader will find, from the fourth volume of the *Archæologia Scotica*, that the subject has received due attention at the hands of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. Of the many other cries, appropriate to the morning of Hogmanay, I may chronicle two of the less puerile:—

"Get up, gudewife, and shake your feathers,
And dinna think that we are beggars;
For we are bairns come out to play,
Get up and gie's our Hogmanay!"

Another is of a moralising character, though a good deal of a truism:—

"Get up, gudewife, and binna sweir,
And deal your bread to them that's here;
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,
And then ye'll neither need ale nor bread."

She is in a very peevish strain, but, as saith the sage, "Blessed is he that expects little, for he will not be disappointed!"—

"My shoon are made of hoary hide;
Behind the door I downa bide;
My tongue is sair, I daurna sing—
I fear I will get little thing."

The most favourite of all, however, is much smarter, more laconic, and more to the point, than any of the foregoing:—

"My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin;
Gie's a piece, and let us rin!"

It is no unpleasant scene, during the forenoon, to see the children going laden home, each with his large apron belling out before him, stuffed full of cakes, and perhaps scarcely able to waddle under the load. Such a mass of oaten alms is no inconsiderable addition to the comfort of the poor man's household, and tends to make the season still more worthy of its jocund title.

In the evening of this day, as on Christmas night, the guizards are all astir. Such of the boys as can pretend to any thing like a voice, have for weeks before been thumbing the collection of excellent new songs, which lies like a bunch of rags in the window sole, and being now able to screech up "Barbara Allan," or the "Wee Cot-house and the wee Kail-yardie," they determine upon enacting the part of the guizards. For this purpose they don old shirts belonging to their fathers, and mount casques of brown paper, shaped so like a mitre, that I am tempted to believe them borrowed from the Abbot of Un-reason: attached to this is a sheet of the same paper, which, falling down in front, covers and conceals the whole face, except where holes are made to let through the point of the nose, and afford sight to the eyes and breath to the mouth. Each vocal guizard is, like a knight of old, attended by a kind of "humble squire," who assumes the habiliments of a girl, with an old woman's cap, and a broomstick, and is styled "Bessie." Bessie is equal in no respect, except that she shares fairly in the proceeds of the enterprise. She goes before her principal, opens all the doors at which he pleases to exert his singing powers, and busies herself during the time of the song, in sweeping the floor with her broomstick, or in playing any other antics that she thinks may amuse the indwellers. The common reward of this entertainment is a halfpenny; but many churlish persons fall upon the unfortunate guizards, and beat them out of the house. Let such persons, however, keep a good watch upon their cabbage gardens next Halloween! Guizarding is proper for four nights of the year:—Christmas, Hogmanay, New-year's Day, and Handsel Monday. We observe it is tried in a small and unpretending way at Edinburgh.

It were unnecessary, in this place, to enter into an account of the practices at the midnight between Hogmanay and New-Year's Day, which are already so minutely described in other works. Neither, for the same reason, is it worth while to particularise the customs of the first day of the year itself. I may only mention, that the custom of New-Year's gifts, still so rife in France, was formerly much more common in this country than it is at present. We find, for instance, from Mr Pitcairn's great work, that James the Fourth would have a gift of ten angels presented to him in his bed on New-Year's morning; as also a *cauldle*, which, by the way, must have been exactly the same thing which the modern people of Edinburgh know by the term *het-pint*. It is pleasant also to find, that, on the 1st of January 1490-91, the same monarch presented Blind Harry, the minstrel, author of the "Life of Wallace," with eighteen shillings. Still more

delightful is it to know, that, on the New-Year's-Day of 1507, the monarch gave to diverse "menstrallia, schawmeris, trumpeteris, tabounaris, fithelaris, luteria, clarschaaris, and piparis," the aggregate sum of forty-one pounds sixteen shillings. The custom of giving and receiving New-Year's gifts was still more common at the court of James the Sixth, who was exactly the kind of man to give encouragement to at least one branch of the system. We find Elizabeth also a great receiver of New-Year's gifts. And after James went to England, the practice had reached such a height, and was so indispensable, that it is grievously complained of as a tax upon the pockets of the courtiers.*

THE DOCTORED MONKEY.

A MELANCHOLY fate, I am sorry to record (says Captain Hall), befel a monkey of mine. I was then in command of the *Lyra*, on the homeward voyage from China, after the embassy under Lord Amherst had been concluded. We touched on our way to Calcutta at the Philippine Islands, and, amongst other live stock, laid in a monkey which had seen the world. He was born, they assured us, at Teneriffe, bred at Cadix, and had afterwards made the voyage across the Pacific Ocean, via Lima and Acapulco, to Manilla. This splendid bay is the chief station of the Spaniards in the eastern world, and has long formed one of those links in the vast colonial chain which enabled that once powerful nation to boast with truth that the sun never set on their dominions. Our extensive traveller had made good use of his time and opportunities, and was destined to see a good deal more of men and manners, indeed almost to make out the circuit of the globe. We brought him with us through the Straits of Malacca to Poole Penang, and from thence carried him across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta and Madras. We next visited together the Isle of France, the Cape, and, lastly, St Helena, at the very time the ex-emperor of the world resided there.

This distinguished monkey had a particular liking for the marines, who caressed and fed him, and sometimes even ventured to teach him to play off tricks on Jack, which the sailors promised one day to pay back with interest on the soldiers. In so diminutive a vessel as a ten-gun brig, there is but a small party of marines, merely a serjeant's guard, and no commissioned officer, otherwise I hardly think the following trick would have been attempted.

It has been already mentioned, that on Sundays the ship's company are mustered at divisions, ranged on either side of the deck. Every man is then dressed in his very best togs, shaved, and trimmed up as gaily as possible. The marines, of course, sparkle about as brightly as polished metal, scarlet cloth, and the eternal pipeplay, can make them. When all are reported present, the captain walks slowly and solemnly round, eyeing each man from head to foot, to detect a spot of dirt, or a thread opening at a seam, and peering under the breast of every gun to discover some neglected delta of unwashed-away sand.

One fine day, while going our formal rounds, I came to a figure which at first sight puzzled me not a little. This was no other than our great traveller the monkey, dressed up as a marine, and planted like a sentry on the middle step of the short ladder which, in deep-waisted vessels, is placed at the gangway, and reaches from the deck to the top of the bulwark. The animal was dressed up in a complete suit of miniature uniform, made chiefly of the coloured buntin used for flags, with sundry bits of red balse parloined from the carpenters. His regimental cap was constructed out of painted canvass; and under his lower jaw had been forced a stock of pump-leather, so stiff in itself, and so tightly drawn back, that his head was rendered totally immovable. His chin, and great part of the cheeks, had been shaved with so much care, that only two small curled mustachios and a respectable pair of whiskers remained. His hair behind being tied back tightly into a queue, the poor creature's eyes were almost starting from his head; while the corners of his mouth being likewise tugged towards the ears by the hair-dresser's operations, the expression of his countenance became irresistibly ludicrous. The astonished recruit's elbows were then brought in contact and fastened behind by a lashing, passed round and secured to the middle step of the ladder, so that he could not budge an inch from his position. One of the ship's pistols, fashioned like a musket, and strapped to his shoulder, was tied to his left hand, which again had been sewed by the sailmaker to the waistband of his beautifully pipeclayed trousers; in short, he was rigged up as a complete sea-soldier in full uniform.

As the captain and his train approached, the monkey began to tremble and chatter; but the men, not knowing how their chief might relish the joke, looked rather grave, while, I own, it cost me no small official struggle to keep down a laugh. I did succeed, however, and merely said, in passing, "You should not play these tricks upon travellers; cast him loose immediately." One of the men pulled his knife from his breast, and cutting the cord which fastened the poor Spaniard to the ladder, let him scamper off. Unluckily for the gravity of the officers, however, and

that of the crew, Jacko did not run below, or jump into one of the boats out of sight, but made straight for his dear friends the marines, drawn up in line across our little hurricane-house of a poop. Unconscious of the ridicule he was bringing on his military patrons, he took up a position in front of the corps, not unlike a flegman; and I need hardly say, that even the royals themselves, provoked though they were, now joined in the laugh which soon passed along the decks, and was with difficulty suppressed during the remainder of the muster.

A day or two afterwards, and while the monkey was still puzzled to think what was the matter with his chin, he happened to observe the doctor engaged in some chemical process. As his curiosity and desire for information were just such as ought to characterise a traveller of his intelligence, he crept gradually from chest to chest, and from bag to bag, till he arrived within about a yard of Apothecaries' Hall, as that part of the steerage was named by the midshipmen. Poor Mono's delight was very great as he observed the process of pill-making, which he watched attentively while the ingredients were successively weighed, pounded, and formed into a long roll of paste. All these proceedings excited his deepest attention. The doctor then took his spreader, and cut the roll into five pieces, each of which he intended to divide into a dozen pills. At this stage of the process, some one called the pharmacopoliast's attention to the hatchway. The instant his back was turned, the monkey darted on the top of the medicine-chest, snapped up all the five masses of pill stuff, stowed them hastily away in his pouch, or bag, at the side of his mouth, scampered on deck, and leaped into the main rigging, preparatory to a leisurely feast upon his pilfered treasures.

The doctor's first feeling was that of anger at the abstraction of his medicines; but in the next instant, recollecting that unless immediate steps were taken, the poor animal must inevitably be poisoned, he rushed on deck, without coat or hat, and knife in hand, to the great surprise and scandal of the officer of the watch.

"Lay hold of the monkey, some of you," roared the doctor to the people. "Jump up in the rigging, and try to get out of his pouch a whole mess of my stuff he has run off with."

The men only laughed, as they fancied the doctor must be cracked.

"For any sake," cried the good-natured physician, "don't make a joke of this matter. The monkey has now in his jaws more than a hundred grains of calomel; and unless you get it from him, he will die to a certainty."

This appeal, which was quite intelligible, caused an immediate rush of the men aloft; but the monkey, after gulping down one of the lumps, or twenty-four grains, shot upwards to the top, over the rail of which he displayed his shaven countenance, and, as if in scorn of their impotent efforts to catch him, plucked another lump from his cheek, and swallowed it likewise, making four dozen grains to begin with. The news spread over the ship; and all hands, marines inclusive, most of whom had never been farther in the rigging than was necessary to hang up a wet shirt to dry, were seen struggling aloft to rescue the poor monkey from his sad fate. All their exertions were fruitless; for just as the captain of the maintop seized him by the tail, at the starboard royal yard-arm, he was cramming the last batch of calomel down his throat!

It would give needless pain to describe the effects of swallowing the whole of this enormous prescription. Every art was resorted to within our reach in the shape of antidotes, but all in vain. The stomach-pump was then, unfortunately, not invented. Poor Jacko's sufferings, of course, were great:—First he lost the use of his limbs, then he became blind, next paralytic; and, in short, he presented, at the end of the week, such a dreadful spectacle of pain, distortion, and rigidity of limb, that I felt absolutely obliged to desire that he might be released from his misery by being thrown into the sea. This was accordingly done when the ship was going along for the British Channel.

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

So completely is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. I have always considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, by storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depths, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action. In boring for water lately, at a spot near Kingston-on-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; this earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it; yet in a short time plants vegetated from it. If quicklime be put upon land which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its place. A curious fact was communicated to me, respecting some land which surrounds an old castle, formerly belonging to the Regent Murray, near Moffat. On removing the peat,

which is about six or eight inches in thickness, a stratum of soil appears, which is supposed to have been a cultivated garden in the time of the regent, and from which a variety of flowers and plants spring, some of them little known even at this time in Scotland.—*Jesse's Gleanings of Natural History.*

A HIGHLAND TRADITION.

Near the middle of the vale of Glen Urcha, in Argyleshire, the traveller will perceive a small eminence, entitled by the people of the district the Gallows Hill, and which is now an object of traditional legend. When the clan Macgregor was in possession of this part of the country, this mound was the ordinary place of execution; and the gallows, from whence it took its name, is said to have stood on a small knoll upon its summit. Among the various tragic tales told of the fate of those condemned by the feudal jurisdiction to suffer on this spot, the following is one sufficiently illustrative of a system of barbaric legal usage, which was not abolished till about the middle of the last century. At a remote period, the chief of the Macgregors became violently in love with a beautiful young woman of the glen, who was betrothed to one of his clansmen. The addresses of Macgregor were in the highest degree distressing; but though she was the daughter of a serf, and he was her chief, neither his threats nor entreaties could induce her to alter her resolution not to listen to his proposals. At length, enraged by her obstinacy, Macgregor's love was turned to hatred; and to revenge the slight which he imagined he had received, he devised the horrible plan of causing her to be accused of having conspired against his life by means of witchcraft. In the mock trial which ensued, it is almost needless to say that this unfortunate female was condemned, and was forthwith hanged upon the Gallows Hill, and her body afterwards suspended from the gallows in a creel or rustic basket. The corpse of this victim of superstition continued for a considerable period bleaching in the rain and sun, till during a violent storm, when it was blown from the gallows, and thereafter conveyed away and privately interred by the sorrowing and impotent relatives. It is a remarkable fact, though of course proving nothing in the way of retribution, that the descendant of the Macgregor who indicted the above atrocious act of despotism, was, according to tradition, the first Highlander who suffered the punishment of hanging in chains—a doom held by the Scots at the time as the most abhorrent to the feelings.

INTERCOURSE WITHOUT LANGUAGE—A RECOLLECTION, BY AN OLD OFFICER.

It is surprising how people of different nations and tongues, and not understanding each other's languages, contrive to make their wants known to each other; to enter into bargains or contracts for their supply; or to fix the price or remuneration for them respectively. This was strongly exemplified in my own case many years ago, when, at an early period of my life, I was, from particular circumstances, carried in the ship in which I was embarked to the coast of Arabia, where we anchored and remained for some time. I was a lieutenant in a regiment proceeding to Bombay; and as our ships were in want of refreshments, we were obliged to have sailors constantly on shore, and to land a subaltern's party for their protection, and to preserve due order between them and the natives. The subaltern's party were to be relieved weekly; but as my brother officers preferred remaining on board their respective ships, and I infinitely preferred remaining on shore, with the consent of our commanding officer I took the duty for the whole six weeks that we remained there. I spoke not a word of Arabic, nor of any other language that the natives understood; and they were equally ignorant of English; notwithstanding which, I became remarkably intimate with some of them; and by signs, and tokens, and other means, contrived to make a bargain with particular persons for antelopes, which they were to shoot and bring me, and for which I was to pay them, and besides to supply them daily with a small quantity of powder and ball. Every morning, therefore, these people came to my tent to get the settled quantity of ammunition; then went off into the interior, and generally returned next day with what they had killed, and, according to our contract, made me the first offer at a dollar for each antelope. We had no small coin to exchange for articles of small value; we therefore cut our dollars into triangular bits, which they readily took, for it was for the metal to convert into ornaments for their women that they desired our money. Our regiment was a Highland corps; and the Arabs were highly delighted with the music of our bagpipes, and to see our men dance reels to them; and in return they danced to us their war-dance, accompanied with shouting, brandishing their swords, and striking them against each other's shields, for in this manner they were armed.

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† Fragments of Voyages and Travels, second series.